A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, April 1. 1710.

IN the midſt of our Talking ſo much here of Mobbs and Rabbles, it cannot but be a uſeful Reflection to look back upon Originals; and perhaps this may lead us a little to find out, that this *High-Church* Plot has been ſome time a hatching, and its Cauſes and proper Sources may be found.

If we look into ſome of the laſt *Rehearſals*, and into ſome modern Papers publiſh'd after the ſilencing that mad Scribbler, we ſhall find, the Party were all along full of Threatnings what they would do the next Parliament, and we were often told, that the next Parliament we ſhould ſee *Un Coup de Eſclat* of the Party; and now behold we have ſeen it—— *And is this all?* Indeed the Thing itſelf is but a trifling Project—— But the Effect is the Thing, and this manifeſtly appears——— The deſign'd Effect is plain, to amuſe and poſſeſs the ignorant Country People in the Countries and Towns of *Britain*, that all this Proſecution is a Shot made at the Church, and ſo to bring them off from the Party in the next Elections.

This runs like Wild-fire, and takes to your Hearts Content, Gentlemen, and you think you have an Equivalent for the Tacking Article, which was improv'd by the *Whigs* five Years ago, to give a Turn to Elections, *and did it effectually all over England*———But Patience, Gentlemen, do not run ſo faſt. Tho' now you carry all away

away with a Torrent; and to talk to you now, would be to put One's Thumb in to ſtop the Tide at *Graveſend*; *to uſe a noble Peers Learned Simily*—Yet have Patience, the Elections are not to Morrow, *no neither* God be thank'd, *are they this Year*——— And there is no doubt, but the Deluſions, you are now ſo buſie ſcattering among the People, may be diſſipated before that Time, by the Power of Truth and ſound Reaſoning.

Nay, it is ten to one, but your ſelves, Gentlemen, even you of the *High-Church*, by ſome of your uſual Madneſs and Extravagancies, aſſiſt the Nation in their neceſſary Illuminations and Information—— You have always done it hitherto, and 'tis not unlikely you may ſtill do ſo——— It is you your ſelves that have told the Nation, you were the Enemies of their Liberty, that you aim'd at Tyranny, and that you were driving on to *Jacobitiſm* and *French* Bondage—— Your own Precipitations have all along aſſiſted the honeſt People to ſee and abhor you; and I have no Fear, but you will do this again.

Beſides, where is all your Confidence of Succeſs, and how far have your Influences already reach'd? We have had but one Election ſince the great Victory you pretended to obtain; and pray, will you tell the World how it has gone, truly to the great Mortification of this *Sacheverellian* Party? Even at *Darby*, the very Town where they ador'd this Saint, and where they fetch'd him down to preach—His own Country, and where his Relations ſtill dwell; even here it has gone againſt them by a great Majority, and a very honeſt Loyal Gentleman is return'd, a Friend to his Country's Liberty, a Lover of Truth, Moderation, and the Proteſtant Intereſt, 377 againſt 200.

Let no Man be diſcourag'd then; *All's not loſt that's in Hazard*. Is the Cauſe to be given up, becauſe Knaves triumph? The Bonfires of this Party, upon the Sentence of Dr. *Sacheverell*, were like the Rejoycings of the *French* after the Battle of *Tainieres*, near *Mons*——— Firſt they run away, and then they make Joy for their Victory—*So here*, they firſt are condemn'd, and then they cry Victory—— In ſhort, they rejoyce that the Man has not all he deſerves, *that is all they can pretend to*; and of that they can only ſay, *He has it NOT YET*; but *there are Times yet to come*, and who knows?

But pray favour me, Gentlemen, to deſcant upon the Dr's Sentence a little; I have an Objection to make againſt it, *in the Dr's Favour*, which perhaps has not been thought of yet, and perhaps if the Party comes to know it, we may have ſome more Bonfires and Apothecarian Illuminations.

They ſay, the *Dr.* is prohibited preaching for three Years; *I deny it*, if I have ſeen the Sentence right, he is not prohibited at all, he may go and preach to morrow, *as freely as he did before*, either in his own Church, or St. *Pauls*, or any where elſe—— This is ſtrange you'll ſay; but pray examine it with me—— The Sentence, as I have heard it, *is*—That he ſhall be ſuſpended from preaching the Goſpel for 3 Years—— They might as well have ſuſpended him from acting at the *Play-houſe*. What's thus hindering him to the Purpoſe? He is prohibited preaching the Goſpel, but he is not prohibited preaching SEDITION. And ſo he is juſt where he was; for I never heard that he preach'd the Goſpel in his Life, at leaſt not for many Years paſt.

Will any Man tell me, that Railing and Raving in a Pulpit *is preaching the Goſpel*, delivering over whole Parties of Men to the Devil and his Angels; lifting up Flags of Defiance, and proſecuting *Diſſenters* from the Church as Traytors to the State—— *Is this preaching the Goſpel?* The Goſpel is a ſoft ſtill Voice, Calm and Heavenly, Peace is the whole Contexture of it—— This Preacher was quite of another Strain. Certainly the *Lords* have miſtaken the Sentence; if he be only prohibited preaching the Goſpel, he may *even* go into the Pulpit to morrow, and do *as he ever did*—— His Sentence ſhould have been, That he ſhould not preach Sedition again for three Years, or that he ſhould not preach at all for three Years; but as it is, certainly the Sen-

Sentence does not at all reach the Dr. I mean in his general Practice.

It is not for me to offer what the *House* should or should not do—And it is too late in the Session for any Law to be made in this Case: But in short, if some Law be not made in Time to prevent these *mad Parsons* preaching Sedition, they'll soon preach the Revolution out of Doors, and preach the *Pretender* into the Throne—— It is evident, preaching up the Doctrine of *Non-Resistance* of Tyrants, is preaching the Queen out of the Seat of Government; for by Resistance of Tyranny her Majesty reigns—— And if preaching the QUEEN down, is not preaching the Pretender up, I have no Knowledge of Things before us at all.

And how, pray, come the *Dissenters* into this Quarrel? What have they done in exalting this Resistance of Princes more than the *Low Church*? —— Why really nothing at all; and the *Dissenters* and the *moderate Churchmen* in this Nation have really but one Interest—— *A Thing the Other hate to hear of*—But the Cry upon the *Dissenters* is the most Specious—and would take best in the Case to raise their Mob—They damn'd the *Low Churchmen* as much in their Hearts—— But damn the *Presbyterians* mouth'd better among their Rabble; down with the Meeting houses sounded better with these Zealots, who us'd to say, they had rather be a *Papist* than a *Presbyterian*, and had rather go to Mass than to a Meeting-house—— The Affair of mobbing the Meeting-houses was more popular——Thus, *down with the Bank* was a promising Notion, and reliſh'd well with the Thieves of the Party who thirsted for Plunder. Burn Dr. *Burgess* suited the Butcherly Sort, and every Handle was taken hold of to prompt the necessary Work of a Rabble.

Whereas, go to the Bottom, view their Writings, read their Sermons, you will find them all full of this Doctrine; that the *Low Churchmen* are Serpents that hiss at their Mother, and sting the Bosom of the Friend that warm'd and nourish'd them; that the Bishops were Deserters of the Church, and the QUEEN a Favourer of *Presbyterians*; and the *High-Church Memorial* tells them; they are worse than the *Dissenters*.

It would be diverting enough to give the World an Account of some of the Extravagancies of the poor deluded People in their Tumults, Bonfires, &c. were not the Thing too melancholy to jest with—— To see substantial *B*——— with his grave Countenance stand and hallow the Mob out of his Window, and *L*—— throw them out Faggots to their Fire, and affront his Representative——— To see the Constables of .... Ward go All from Home by Consent, because they would not be call'd out to disturb the Pious Folly———To see Three or Four of the Reverend Clergy walk up *Warwick-Lane* into *Newgate street*, to bless the Bonfire, and joyn in the Rejoycings of the Rabble, that their Reverend Brother was condemn'd to Silence *for preaching Sedition*.

To see the honest Bone-Lace Pedlar in *Southwark*, aged beyond Sixty, fit as the White Elephant, and beastly as a She-Bear, dancing round a Bonfire, and singing to the Mob, to the Immortal Honour and Glory of the Famous *Dr. Sacheverell*.

These are the Triumphs of the Glorious Martyr—And let him have them; no honest Man can grudge him the Hosannahs of this Blessed Crew——— Nor need we apprehend the Consequence.

And wherefore, *O ye Men of little Faith*, are ye discourag'd and cow'd with these foolish Successes of the Party? —— What do the *Whigs* mean to hang their Heads, and look upon one another? —— Think ye, that the Cause of Liberty and of Truth, that has cost so much Blood, and has been 22 Years a grafting, inoculating, planting, and transplanting, is thus to be pull'd up and rooted out? No, never fear it, GOD will not so forsake it——— And tho' the Pride and Security, the Divisions and Selfishness of the Friends to this Cause, has really open'd this Door of Mischief, and you have with your Hands too much encourag'd these Enemies, and weaken'd the Hands of those that serv'd you———

Yet

Yet 'tis not too late to unite; and as you have Truth, the Laws, the QUEEN, and the whole Strength of the Nation on your Side, now is your Time to exert your ſelves; which if you do, you will with Eaſe trample this contemptible, tho' numerous and noiſie, Enemy under your Feet.

AMEN.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHereas great Induſtry has been us'd to ſuppreſs this Paper, by ſeveral Members of a Party, to whom it is particularly Grievous to hear too much Truth——By whoſe Art the Publication of it has ſo far been ſtop'd, that none have been to be had, either of the Hawkers, or Shops where other ſuch Papers are ſold.

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